

# NEW JET ENGINE

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50  
EACH  
2 for  
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HAVE FUN RUNNING THIS JET ENGINE! RUNS BY ITSELF FLYING AROUND A PYLON OR USE IT TO-POWER YOUR MODELS. DO JET ENGINE EXPERIMENTS SHOWING HOW JET PROPULSION WORKS. USED AT SCIENCE CLASSES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY AND IN MANY RESEARCH LABS. EASY TO START. GENERATES JET THRUST WITHOUT ANY MOVING PARTS. RUNS ON STANDARD GASOLINE. EASY TO RE-FUEL. GIVES CONTINUAL THRUST. LOWEST PRICED GASOLINE ENGINE ANYWHERE! FUN THRILLS! VALUABLE EXPERIENCE FOR MODEL BUILDERS AND SCIENTISTS. ABOUT 6-IN. LONG. MADE OF SPECIAL HEAT-RESISTANT METALS. GUARANTEED TO RUN. COMPLETE. NOTHING MORE TO BUY. FOR THIS JET POWER SET TWO ENGINES. USE CONVENIENT ORDER BLANK BELOW. (2 for \$2.75 Postpaid) PRICE EACH POSTPAID \$1.50

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Radio 'Mike' \$1.50

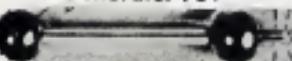
**Colorful Felt Emblem**  
APPLY ON CLOTHING, FOR  
TEEN, GLAM, CHOICE,  
DEVILSKILL, BULLDOGS,  
MILSCAT, TIGER, EAGLE, INDIAN, HOT  
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Animal Farm: Sizes 45 to 89

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Order Now

Change colors. The change is

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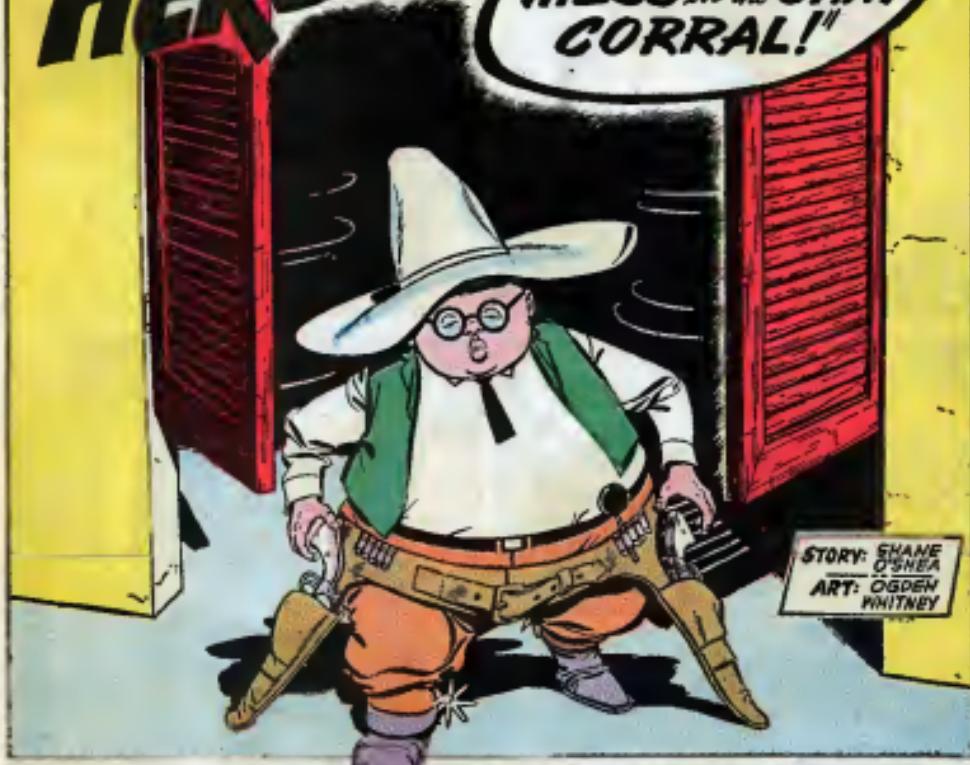
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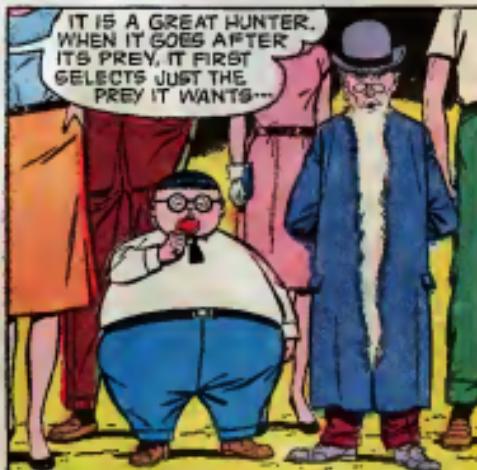
Order Now

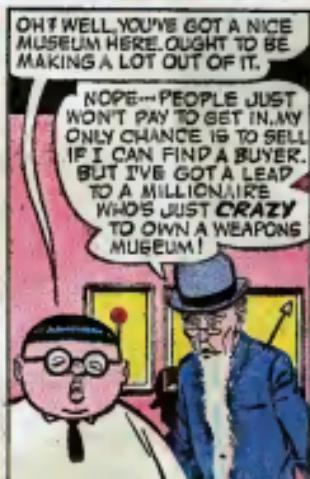
"SMILE WHEN YUH CALL ME THAT, PARDNER!" WATCH OUR HORRIBLE HERO WOW THE WEST IN A TICKLE-TALE THAT'S TRUE, SO HELP US! SO BUCKLE ON YOUR GUN-BELT AND COME ALONG WITH...

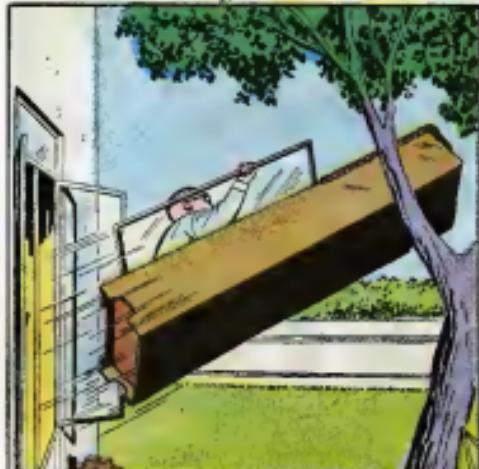
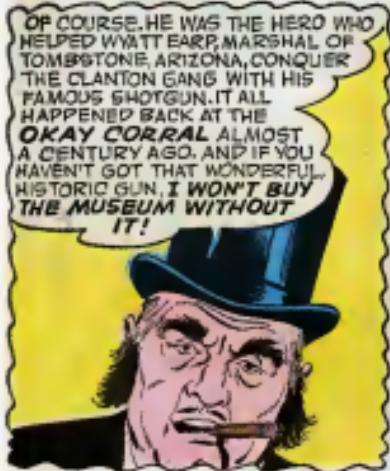
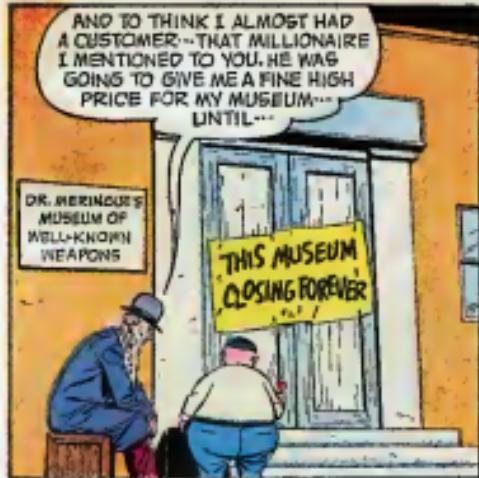
# HERBIE, in "BIG FAT MESS at the OKAY CORRAL!"



HERBIE, published monthly February, March, August, September. Published bi-monthly April-May, June-July, Oct.-Nov., Dec.-Jan. © 1964 by Peet Syndicated Features, Inc., Second & Bickey Streets, Sports, Illinois. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Editorial offices 333 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor. Frederick H. Igar, Business Manager. Subscription: \$1.44, single copies, \$0.12, foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address: American Comics Group, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Application for Second Class entry pending at the Post Office of Sports, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. - No. 4, Sept., 1964.









THIS JOB FOR  
CHIEF---GOTTUM  
BRAND NEW MAIL-  
ORDER SHOTSUN!  
ONE SIDE!

SEARS ROEBUCK

GOT  
IT!

PTOOIE!  
LOUSY  
FLAVOR!

I SHOWUM  
YOU!

YOW-EEEE! VI!  
SCRAM-UM,  
BRAVES!

LET'S TALK  
THIS OVER.

MEDICINE  
MAN! USE-UM  
MAGIC AGAINST  
TOUGH HERBIS!

BAM  
BAM  
BAM  
BAM

EENY, MEENY,  
MAGIC MOE---  
MAKE QUICK WITH  
A BUFFALO!

NEVER COULD  
TALK ALL TIED  
UP.

WHAT'S  
SO  
FUNNY?

HAW-HAW!  
HIM WANTUM KNOW  
---WHAT'S SO  
FUNNY---

HIM  
FINDUM  
OUT  
PRONTO!





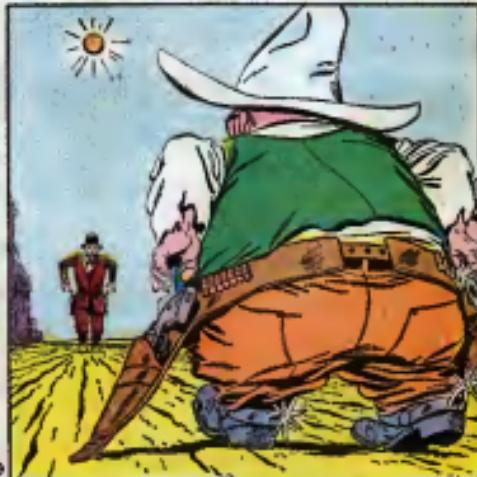
**WHAM!**

**CRASH!**

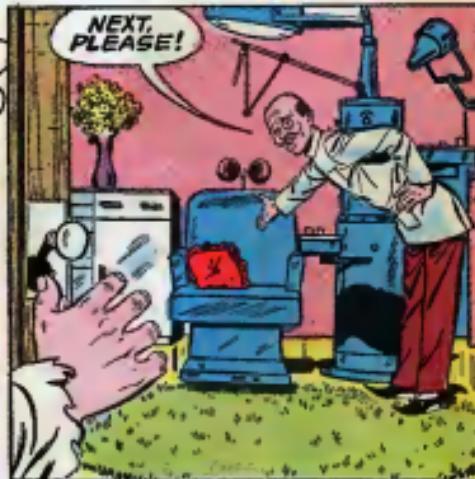
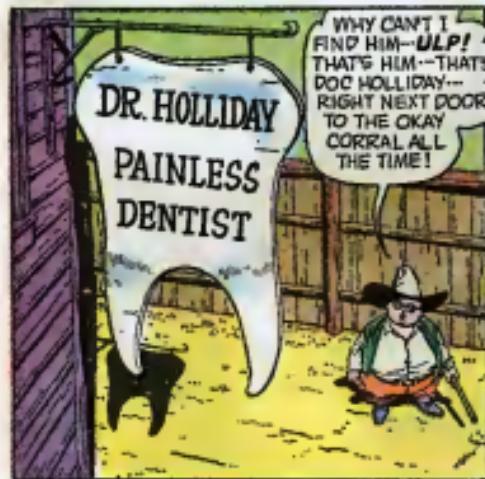




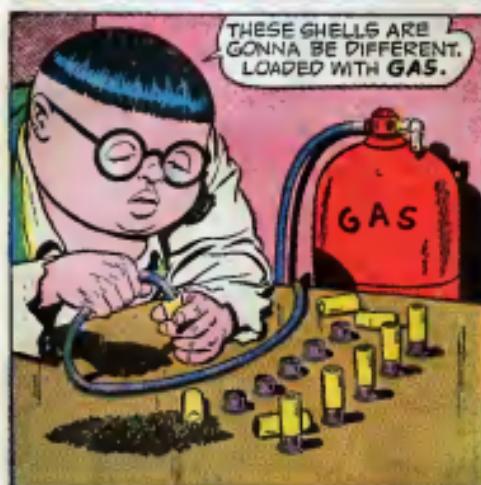
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NOW DOC HOLLIDAY CUT LOOSE WITH A KING-SIZE BARRAGE. WITH HIS LOUDY AIM, THE GHELLS MISSED--BUT THEY HIT THE WALL BEHIND THE CLANTONS--AND BURST--



AND AS THE GAS SWIRLED AROUND THE CLANTON GANG--



CONGRATULATIONS, DOC! YUH'RE THE GREATEST! I'M A ROOTIN', TOOTIN' CATAMOUNT--THE TOUGHEST, FIGHTIN'EST HOMBRE WEST OF THE GREAT DIVIDE!

WERE TODAY!

THEY BETTER NOT! I'M A ROOTIN', TOOTIN' CATAMOUNT--THE TOUGHEST, FIGHTIN'EST HOMBRE WEST OF THE GREAT DIVIDE!

UH--  
PARDON ME,  
BUT COULD I  
HAVE THAT GUN  
BACK--?



WHY YOU PAIL OF LARD! YOU BARREL OF SUET! YOU BUCKET OF BLUBBER! YOU DARE ASK FOR THE GUN OF A HERO! WHY YOU LITTLE FAT NOTHING, I'LL--





SHOW YOU IT'S SMART TO  
Read **"HERBIE!"**

SEE WHAT SMART PEOPLE ARE  
GONNA GET IN NEXT ISSUE...

ME...IN "SAHIB HERBIE"! REAL CLOAK AND DAGGER STUFF GUARANTEED TO FRACTURE YOU WITH REAL FRACTURES. ALL ABOUT REAL COOL ADVENTURES IN INDIA. ONLY 4,316 LAUGHS ON FIRST PAGE, BUT IT PICKS UP FROM THERE.



"BUT THAT'S NOT ALL...HERE'S SCENE FROM ANOTHER GREAT STORY..."



WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO DOPEY ABOUT---YOU'VE HEARD OF THE **BEATLES** RIGHT? JUST LOOK AND SEE WHO WAS EVEN GREATER! LEARN A LOT ABOUT POP MUSIC HERE... **Lollipop** MUSIC!

OKAY--WHAT MORE DO YOU EXPECT FOR NOTHING? PAY YOUR 12¢ AND READ ALL ABOUT IT  
in **"HERBIE"** NO. 5, OCTOBER-NOVEMBER  
ISSUE. IF YOUR NEWSDEALER HAS ANY BRAINS, HE'LL HAVE IT ON SALE RIGHT AFTER MIDDLE OF AUGUST. YOU BUY IT---IF YOU HAVE ANY BRAINS!





# HERE'S HERBIE!



Get news for you. Bad news. Lollipop manufacturers just announced big price rise. Realize what that means to me? Who can buy pops at those prices? Go hungry. Get weak! Can't bop anyone with this here lollipop if I can't afford this here lollipop. Encouragement for bad actors everywhere. Crime will increase—even you won't be safe. National emergency, whole world is bad way. But it doesn't have to be. Fix it so I can afford to buy lollipops at any price and presto! Situation improves. All you've got to do for me is make this magazine 100% sellout. Should be easy. Here's how: go to ten-friends, tell what great magazine "Herbie" is, 1,000 laughs per page guaranteed. Tell 'em to buy it and really start living. Ten friends, get it? Then tell 'em that after reading it and finding out how lucky they are, each of 'em in turn has got to tell ten other friends, and so on. If they won't do it, they're no real friends. Send me their names—so help me, I'll use my waaing strength to bop them. But he a real pal and convince 'em and there'll be no need for my strength to waae. Sell lots of copies, buy lots of lollipops and watch me go! Like in the stories in this very issue. Like in "Big Fat Mess At the Okay Corral". I'm at my best then—make sure to keep me that way, see? Like in "Professor Filidome's Screwy Machine". Notice how nothing can stop me in that one? Yessir, keep me in lollipops and that keeps me fat. Fatter I am, the braver. Fatter I am, the stronger. Counting on you folks to keep me brave and stroog. Here's what you've got to do. Write me a letter, see? Address it to "Herbie", Office Of The Editor, 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. In it, give me your promise to tell ten friends about me and get them to buy my magazine—and tell ten of *their* friends! And while you're at it, tell me what you think about my stories. Do all this and I'll see that your name is es-rolled as a charter member of the "Herbie" Fan Club. Members will be personally guaranteed *against* bopping by me. Further, all you need do is send me a list of your favorite enemies, and they'll immediately be placed upon my Preferred Bopping List, to be attended to in order. And now, let's take a look at a few letters about me from other readers.

"Dear Editor:

Although I've never written to you before, I felt that the occasion of "Herbie" No. 1 compelled me to do so. In no uncertain terms may I say that his magazine was well deserved. Out of all characters ever created in comics, I guess Herbie is about the most unique one of all. I've been following his adventures in "Forbidden Worlds" previous to this, and I've also read the many letters asking for him in his own magazine. What really was a piece of showmanship was the way you showed Herbie's source of power—his different lollipops. Although we don't know where they came from or how they were made, we still see enough to keep us satisfied. While his adventures are hilarious, I would like to say that your short story, "Rocket No. 1352 Does Not Answer" had no place in "Herbie" No. 1. Please save such stories for your companion magazines. However, your written story was very good. It wouldn't have been had it been on any other subject than Herbie. Please have such written stories on Herbie in the future. You must know that you made a wise choice in giving the Fat Fury his own book. If future stories even resemble the ones in this issue, then he's set for life. I can only hope he gets a letter column, in which case the short story will probably be excluded. I'd rather see a letter column than a short story any time, since the frank opinions of your readers are always interesting. I can't see how you can receive any other but favorable replies to Herbie. Good luck in the future.

—Paul A. Feola,  
1050 Wavetree Ave.,  
San Antonio 1, Texas."

Paul A. Feola, hub? Look, I don't like this jazz about writing to the Editor. My magazine, you write to me. And what does "unique" mean? It better be something good if you want to keep your health. But maybe you mean well, so I'll go easy on you. You ain't just whistlin' about "Rocket No. 1352"—why do you think I ran that no-good Editor out of here and took over? From now on, we'll play it for laughs all the way, and none of that dookey stuff in my magazine. About the letter column—you've got it, so

*don't let me hear you complaining, see?*

"Dear Editor:-

I don't agree one hit with Randy Decaro's letter to No. 115 of 'Forbidden Worlds'. I think your comics are great. One of my favorites is 'Herbie', but could you tell all of us readers how Herbie got to be a Little Fat Nothing?

—David Gede, c/o All America Cables,  
Christiansted, St. Croix,  
Virgin Islands".

*All right, David. I'll give you the real answer—confidentially. It wasn't easy getting to be a Little Fat Nothing—I had to work at it.*

"Dear Mr. Hughes:-

I have just purchased issue No. 1 of 'Herbie'. I felt a little foolish buying a comic like Herbie, but when I had finished reading it, I knew that feeling was a great mistake. This comic is, in my opinion, the best that the American Comics Group ever published. This is my first letter to your company, but definitely not the last. How could such no issue miss, with such celebrities as President Johnson, Ladybird, Jimmy Durante, Fidel Castro, Sonny Liston and Khrushchev? And the artwork of this issue was sensational. Please praise Ogden Whitney for me on the great artwork. I actually cracked up when Herbie turned Merlin into Jimmy Durante, and when the Little Fat Nothing did that crazy Russian dance. If the Academy of Comic Books Arts and Sciences ever gives out an award for funny comics, Herbie's got it made. If not, they should give Herbie a special Golden Alley. Oh, yes—I'm president of the Ace Comics Club. We have over 40 members and we publish a newsletter. I am planning to write an article on your greatest sensation, the one and only Herbie. We are also forming a Herbie Fan Club and adding it to our club as a chapter. Are we the first Herbie Fan Club? As I am writing this letter, we have over 12 copies of issue No. 1 of Herbie on my bed. The issue is probably a sure sellout.

—Evan Landesman,

87-21 160 St., Jamaica 32, N.Y."

*Keep this character Hughes out of this. The name's Herbie Popnecker and I run this show from A to Zowie. What's this about feeling foolish about buying a comic like "Herbie"? The only ones that should feel foolish are*

*those who don't buy it, the dopes. About the celebrities in my magazine—just between us, it's an honor for them to get in, but I'm the democratic type. But I do like decorations to go with my lollipops. So far I've got the Congressional Medal Of Honor, the Croix de Guerre, the Best Of Show at the American Kennel Club and lots of others. You're not the first to form a Herbie Popnecker Fan Club at Rutgers University.*

"Dear Editor:-

Blast it! I saw the 'Herbie' magazine announcement to issue No. 119 of 'Forbidden Worlds' and I rushed right down to the newsstand. It looked like a torpedo had hit it—comics strewn all over. After an intensive search, I discovered a disturbing fact—no 'Herbie', 'Adventures Into The Unknown', 'Unknown Worlds'—but oo 'Herbie'. I realize how valuable first issues of comics become, and I'm mad beyond words. If I ever hear the name 'Herbie' again, I'll take him oo siogbaodad!

—Denny Ward,

3072 Maizano Drive, Walnut Creek, Cal. You're gonna have to take me on single-handed, guy, because you'll bear the name "Herbie" a few million times a day if I have anything to say about it. You in shape? Wind good? Better send your mother a picture so she can remember you the way you used to be. On second thought, be fair, Popnecker. Give the guy a chance. Let him come into the ring with Cassius Clay, a zoo gorilla, The Monster From 40,000 Fathoms and two dozen assorted comics magazine heroes. That way, you may last half a round. Denny—but I doubt it!

"Dear Herbie:-

I've just finished reading 'Herbie And The Dragon's Tears' and 'Herbie Beards Castro' and I think you've got a wonderful magazine! Everytime I read it, I roll on the floor with laughter. But why, when you hop monsters with your lollipop, do they fly up in the air? Is it because you're so strong, or is your lollipop super?

—Laren Estleman,

5695 Walsh Road, Whitmore Lake, Mich." Does Macy's tell Gimbel's? Trade secrets, Laren. All I can say is, when I hop monsters, they stay bopped. Got any you want bopped, I'm your man.

# NELLIE NO-DATE

THE SPACECRAFT FROM MARS IS NOW HOVERING JUST ABOVE THE EARTH AND PLANS TO LAND TOMORROW. THE MARTIANS WILL BE WELCOMED AT A BIG DANCE IN THEIR HONOR ON TUESDAY...

THOSE MARTIANS HAVE NEVER SEEN AN EARTH GIRL... THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT ONE'S SUPPOSED TO LOOK LIKE, AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

NOBODY AROUND... THE FAIR WON'T OPEN FOR TWO HOURS YET, AND I CAN USE THIS BALLOON!



HEY! LET ME IN!

YOU SAY THEY'RE THROWING THIS BIG SHINDIG FOR US... AND YOU WANT TO BE MY DATE? HOW CAN I BE SURE THAT YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL?

I'M GIVING YOU MY WORD, THERE'S NOBODY LIKE ME--I'M A REAL DOLL! IT'S A DATE, RIGHT?

TUESDAY CAME, AND NELLIE WAS PRIMPING FOR THE GREAT OCCASION...

WHEN THE OTHER GIRLS SEE ME WITH THE MARTIAN COMMANDER, THEY'LL SAY, "HE KNOWS A REAL GONE BEAUTY WHEN HE SEE'S ONE!" OH-OH, THE PHONE.

P-RING!



YOU MEAN YOU'RE BREAKING OUR DATE? BUT WHY?

SORRY, KID... BUT I FOUND A GIRL MUCH PRETTIER THAN YOU. 'BYE!'

GRRR... RRR!



READER, DO YOU DESERVE TO READ THIS STORY? ARE YOU A GOOD JOE, AND PURE IN HEART? IF YOU'RE NOT, BEWARE, BECAUSE THE FAT FURY IS SET TO KICK THE BEEEPERS OUT OF YOU. BUT IF YOUR CONSCIENCE IS CLEAR, READ AHEAD---ALL ABOUT THE THRILLING EXPERIENCES OF

# HERBIE in "PROFESSOR FLIPDOME'S SCREwy MACHINE!"



DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT DAD'S SICK---

MMMFEEF!  
SPLUTTT!

ENTERTAIN YOUR FATHER, HERBIE. HE'S SUCH A DIFFICULT PATIENT.

UH...YOU KNOW PROFESSOR FLIPDOME NEXT DOOR WELL--HE CAN'T FIND ANYBODY TO TRY OUT HIS NEW MACHINE ON.

DON'T TROUBLE ME WITH YOUR PUMB STORIES, HERBIE. TURN ON THE TV!

THIS BOY HEROES PROGRAM IS GREAT! LOOK WHAT HE'S DOING TO SAVE HIS FATHER. I CAN JUST IMAGINE YOU DOING ANYTHING FOR YOURS!



AND YOU KNOW WHY?  
BECAUSE YOU'RE A  
LITTLE FAT NOTHING.  
THAT'S WHY! NEVER  
DID ANYTHING AND  
NEVER WILL. NOT  
BRAVE LIKE  
I AM!

AS SOON AS DAD FELT BETTER...

WHY SHOULDN'T  
I GO BACK TO  
WORK? I'M  
BETTER  
NOW.

I CAN'T HELP  
FEELING IT'S  
TOO SOON. WHY,  
YOUR FEVER IS  
HARDLY  
DOWN...

STOP IN  
---HEH-HEH---

MOVE TO  
THE BACK  
OF THE  
BUS!

BUT WHY?  
THE BUS  
ISN'T  
CROWDED—  
THERE'S NOBODY  
ON BOARD BUT  
ME. I WON'T  
MOVE BACK!

SURP!

WHY, YOU'RE NO  
BUS DRIVER---  
YOU'RE PROFESSOR  
FLIPPOME FROM  
NEXT DOOR! WHAT'S  
THE IDEA OF ALL  
THIS?

I INVENTED  
A GREAT MACHINE  
---BUT WHAT GOOD  
IS IT IF I CAN'T  
TRY IT OUT? I  
NEED A SUBJECT  
AND NOW I'VE  
GOT ONE—  
YOU!

HA-HA! MY MACHINE WILL  
BRING A MAN DOWN, DOWN IN  
SIZE, INTO THE KINGDOM OF THE  
TINY...MINIATUREA! MY RESEARCH  
TELLS ME THAT IT'S A STRANGE  
LAND---THAT THERE'S A TINY  
DOUBLE IN IT FOR EVERY-  
ONE ON EARTH! I'M SEND-  
ING YOU TO SEE IF IT'S  
TRUE!



MEANWHILE, HERBIE HAD BEEN PURSUING DAD, WHO HAD FORGOTTEN HIS RUBBERS. HE MISSED JUST BY MOMENTS...



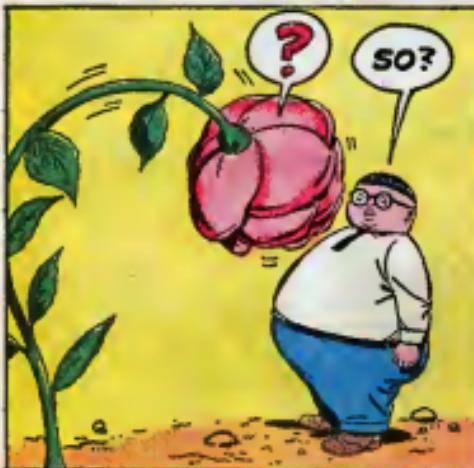
HERBIE KNEW HIS DUTY--AND  
HE DID IT--

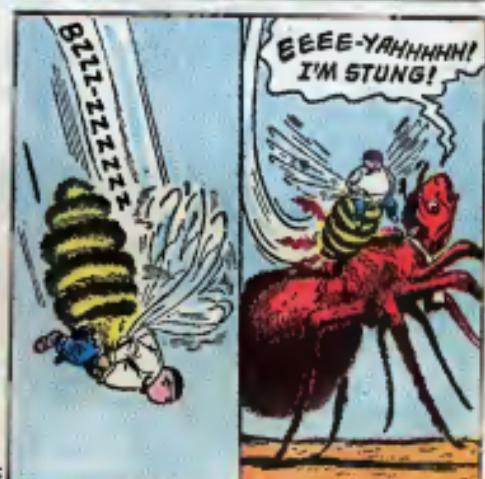
NOW YOU'VE  
GOT TWO  
GUINEA-  
PIGS!

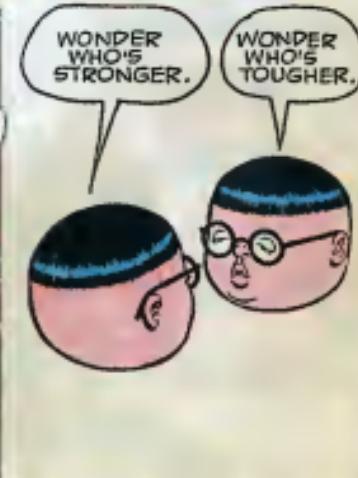


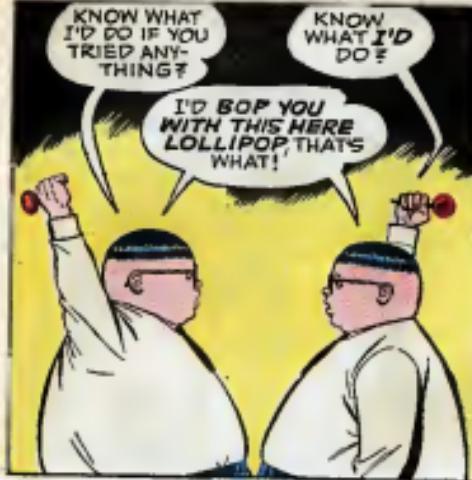
HE MADE HIS LANDING  
WITHIN A STRANGE  
GREEN RAY--IN A  
STRANGE LAND--

SO  
I'M  
HERE.









I'D BOP YOU WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP! THAT'S WHAT!



HEY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YOUR SCHOOL PICNIC! ARE YOU IN A FIX, SHRUNK DOWN LIKE THAT! WAIT'LL I TELL THE BOYS HOW I BEAT UP HERBIE POPNECKER...

ME!

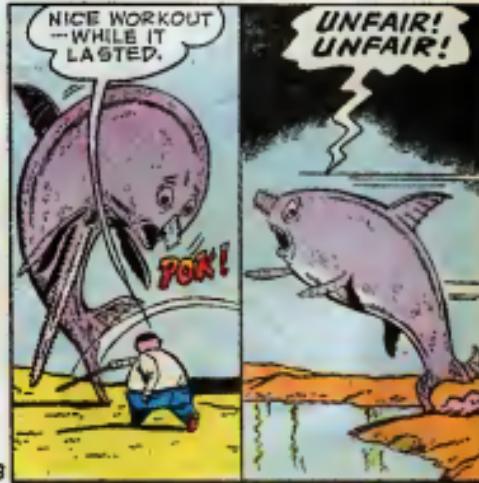
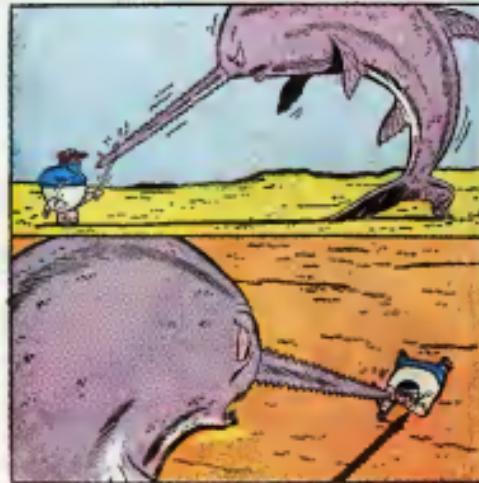
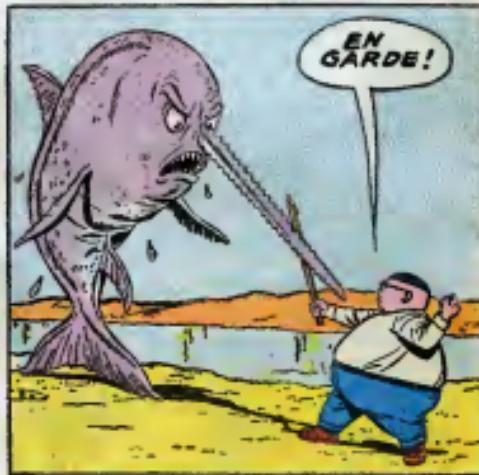
SH-HHHH! I DON'T WANT HIM TO KNOW! NOW, ABOUT THAT BEATING-UP PRIORITY POSITION...



WHAT A MAN! WHAT COURAGE! WHAT STRENGTH! OH, IF ONLY MY USELESS SON COULD DO A THOUSANDTH OF THAT! HE LOOKS LIKE YOU, SURE... BUT IT ENDS THERE!

YOU'RE OKAY NOW. JUST DON'T GO GETTING YOURSELF IN ANY MORE TROUBLE.





THANKS! THANKS! THANKS! THANKS!  
OH, IF ONLY MY SON, THAT LITTLE  
FAT... ER... EXCUSE ME! IF ONLY  
MY SON WERE A LITTLE MORE  
LIKE YOU...

CAN SEE IT'S  
NOT SAFE FOR YOU  
AROUND HERE.  
GOING TO  
ESCORT YOU  
BACK.

BE HOME IN  
NO TIME. BETTER  
FOR YOU. STAND  
UNDER RAY.

HERBIE GAVE HIS FATHER A  
SAFE HEADSTART. THEN FOLLOWED.  
BACK IN HIS OWN DIMENSION, HE  
APPROACHED HIS HOUSE--AND  
SAW TROUBLE AFOOT!

OH-OH, SOMETHING  
GOOFED UP. DIDN'T  
GET HIS FULL GROWTH  
BACK AND HE'S  
SCARED TO GO  
IN...



NEXT DOOR WAS PROFESSOR FLIPPOME'S  
LABORATORY...

HE PROVED THAT  
YOUR MACHINE  
WORKS... NOW  
YOU'VE GOT TO  
DO SOMETHING  
FOR HIM!

SIMPLE, HERBIE.  
I'LL TRAIN THE  
BETA-RAY ON  
HIM FROM HERE.  
THAT SHOULD  
DO IT!



IT ISN'T JUST THE WAY  
YOU LOOK, YOU WOULDN'T  
BELIEVE IT, BUT I MET  
SOME BODY WHO WAS THE  
IMAGE OF YOU... BUT HE  
WAS A REAL POWER-  
HOUSE! WHAT  
COURAGE...  
WHAT STRENGTH  
...WHAT...



...WHAT A  
DIFFERENCE!

PLEASE, DAD,  
DRINK THIS NICE  
HOT COFFEE... AND  
RELAX!

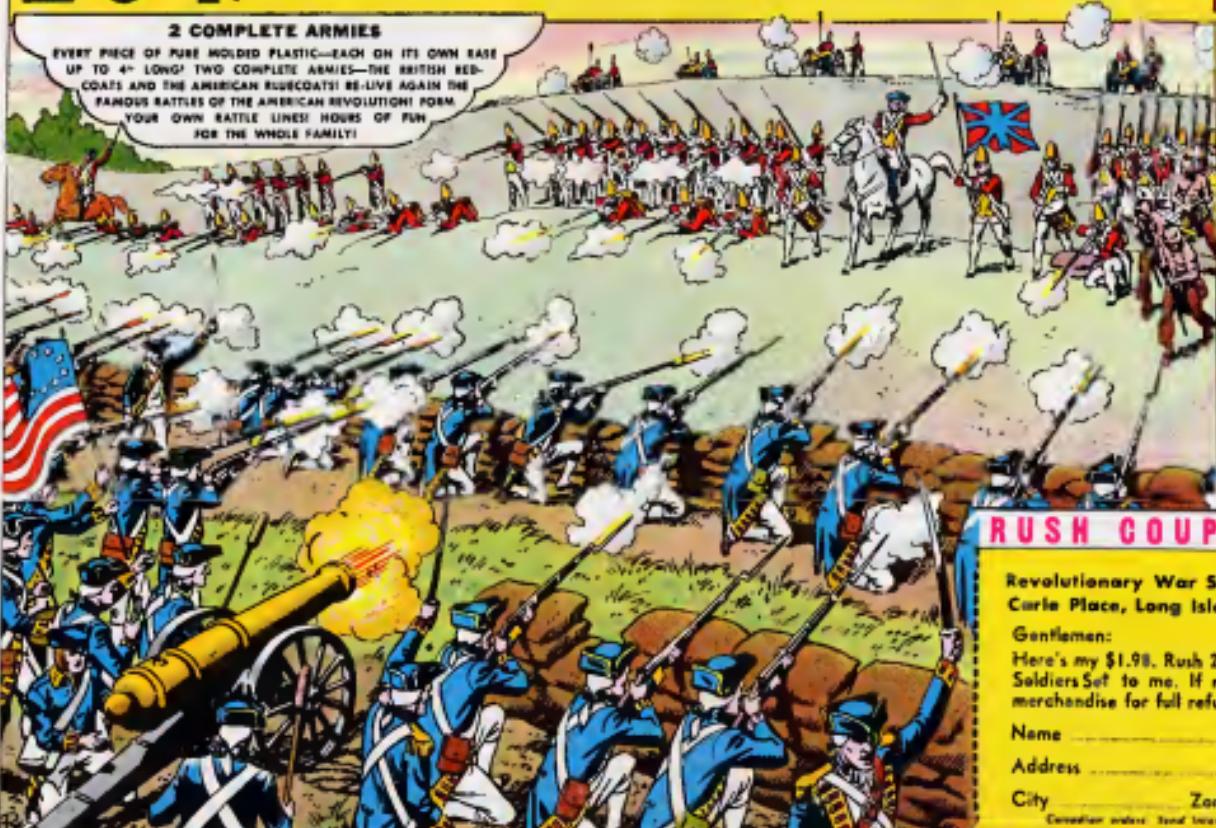


The  
END!

# 204 pc. REVOLUTIONARY WAR SOLDIERS set ONLY \$1.98

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YOUR OWN RATTLE LINES! HOURS OF FUN  
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